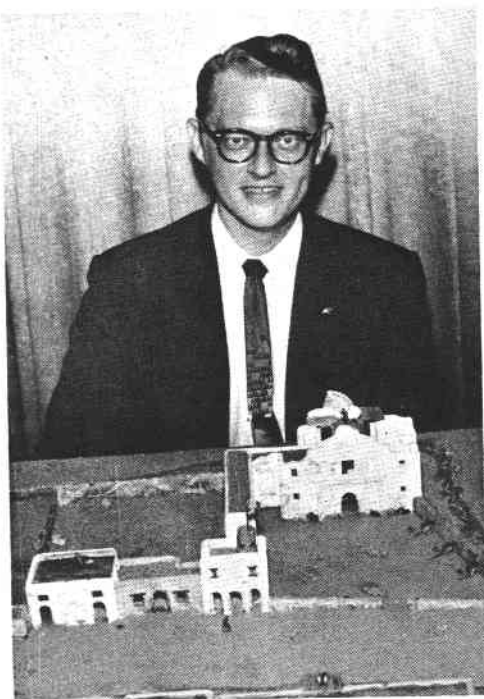


THIRTEEN DAYS TO GLORY
By H. GORDON FROST, EL PASO, TEXAS



HENRY GORDON FROST
AND HIS DIORAMA OF THE ALAMO

“Thirteen Days To Glory---” just four short, insignificant words, which, if looked at in the precise grammarian’s point of view, do not even constitute a true sentence, for this phrase has no beginning, nor an end . . . but, in these simple words may be found no truer description of what many historians describe as the most exciting, heroic, siege and battle in history --- the battle of the Alamo.

To the person who has never looked into the battle of the Alamo, it is hard to conceive that so very much happened at one place in such a short period of time.

In order to better understand what took place during those thirteen days of pain and supreme sacrifice, we must look back through the pages of time to the year, 1718, when, on May 5, a group of Franciscan Friars built the first rude log buildings of the mission, San Antonio de Valero, which we now call, “The Alamo”. The main purpose of this mission being established here was to help convert the many savage Indians to Christianity and subsequent civilization.

On May 4, 1744, the stone foundation of the Alamo chapel was first laid, and the mission struggled along with few converts until it was abandoned in 1793, as various diseases had hit the place pretty hard, combined with the fact that the Indians were strangely reluctant to accept the usually successful Spanish system of conversion.

The mission was seldom called its proper name, “San Antonio de Valero”, but was most often referred to as simply “The Alamo”, a contraction of “Los Alamosas”, the Spanish name for the cottonwood trees that surrounded it. Also, some people claim that it was named after the group of cavalry stationed there from 1801 - 1825, the “Flying Company of the Alamo of Parras”, from Coahuila, Mexico.

Let us pause, for a moment, and look at the physical make-up of the Alamo, as it was on February 23, 1836, the first day of the siege . . . In almost constant use as a fort since 1801, the mission had a large plaza, 154 yards long, 54 yards wide. The stone walls that enclosed the plaza were from 9 - 12 feet high, and three feet thick. Facing the plaza on both the west and north walls, were a group of small adobe rooms. The main entrance to the fort was on the south, where a ten-foot wide porte-cochere separated a stockade guarding the entrance. The west side of the stockade was used as the prison, while the east side was the “LOW BARRACKS”, or soldiers’ quarters.

There was another entrance on the south side, at the point where a wooden stockade fence stretched from the chapel to the “low barracks”.

On the eastern side of the plaza were the main barracks, where most of the infantry and artillerymen were quartered, and a large, two-story building, the ground floor of which was used as the armory, the hospital being located on the top floor. On top of this building was located a crumbling watchtower, from which the main flag of the defenders was flown.

To the immediate rear of the main barracks was the rear entrance to the Alamo, located in the horse cuartel area. Next to the horse cuartel was the cattle pen.

And now we have the chapel to examine . . . the only building still in existence. The chapel, was by far, the building in the worse state of repair . . . the roof had fallen in as early as 1762, there was a great deal of debris scattered about, and it had only a makeshift door, yet this was the strongest of the buildings by far, with its walls being four feet thick and 22 feet high. Because of this, the powder magazine was located here.

What were the causes of the Texas revolution? As in the American Revolution, the main reason was the governmental body in power at the time. Mexico, after winning its independence from Spain in 1821, encouraged colonization of Texas by foreigners, especially the rich, industrious Yankees. This colonization movement was so very successful that it created many unexpected problems for the Mexican government. Among these were: 1) there was a difference in language and race; 2) a great increase in Anglo-American immigration caused suspicion in the minds of the Mexican authorities, who suspected the United States of planning to take over Texas as its own; 3) from 1821 until 1836 there were a great many revolutions in Mexico, bringing mass confusion, as during that time practically every form of government existed, from anarchy to monarchy.

Another problem was that Texas was geographically isolated from the governmental center in Mexico City, thereby being outside the strict political and commercial control so sorely needed in those days to keep the empire together. It was much easier for the colonists to engage in commerce with the nearby United States than to go the 800 miles from San Antonio to Mexico City to conduct business matters.

In 1824 the Mexican government set up a liberal constitution, whereby immigration by the "Norteamericanos" was encouraged, as was trade with the United States. In 1829, however, a decree was issued freeing slaves in Texas. This brought forth a howl of protest from the colonists, who were using slaves to grow cotton in the rich Texas soil. The decree was quickly recalled, but in 1830, the Mexican congress passed a law forbidding any further settlement in Texas, established Mexican penal colonies in Texas, cancelled the National Constitution of 1824, and established heavy duties on all foreign imports to discourage trade with the U. S., specifically. This law also deprived the colonists of a trial by jury, and established a mandatory state religion.

Naturally, under these conditions, the settlers became quite agitated, and several small armed encounters with Mexican Federal troops ensued. A cry for independence was born, and the Texas Revolution began.

The first battle was at Gonzales on Oct. 2, 1835, when a group of Mexicans were sent to recover a small cannon the colonists had there. The Mexicans were attacked by the colonists and defeated after a short fight. The Mexican Garrison at Goliad was attacked on October 9, and the Texans forced them to surrender. On December 5, 1835, the angry Texans lay siege to San Antonio, and after four days, the Mexicans, led by General Cos, Santa Anna's brother-in-law, surrendered. The Texas forces let the Mexican troops go back to Mexico on parole that they would never again fight in Texas.

The defeat of Cos angered Santa Anna, who by now was the absolute dictator of all Mexico, so in command of the entire Mexican army, he marched north, arriving at San Antonio February 23, 1836.

Come with me, in your mind's eye if you will, back to that first of the fateful days of the siege and battle of the Alamo

It is bitter cold - - - a blue norther has just whistled in, dropping temperatures well below freezing point. At dawn you are suddenly jerked from a sound sleep which was heavily sprinkled with pleasant dreams of the wild fandango the night before, by the urgent pealing of the signal bells issuing forth from the tower of San Fernando Church in San Antonio, some 800 yards to the west. As wakefulness quickly comes to you, you realize only too well what those bells mean - - - Santa Anna and his army have arrived. The siege of the Alamo has begun.

As you hurry to your post with others of the defenders, you keep hearing questions repeated all around you: "Where are they? How many? How'd they get through all that desert in this miserably cold weather we've been having?"

The answer to these, and many other questions that might arise during the siege may not be immediately evident, but historians in the future will know that Santa Anna, by driving his battalions and regiments mercilessly across more than 800 miles of desert, through all extremes of weather and hardships, has accomplished the nearly impossible. He has arrived here with over 6,000 soldiers, 1,800 heavily laden pack mules, 33 huge 4-wheeled wagons, 200 2-wheel carretas, or ox carts, and virtually hundreds of other smaller carts and barrows, not to mention all the artillery, plus over thousand women and children as family and companions to the men. Yes, the opium-addicted "Napoleon of the West" has accomplished a truly fantastic feat.

At the same time the men in the Alamo are running to their posts, other Texas men are entering the fort from San Antonio, for this has been the plan - - - all of the defenders of the Alamo were to retire to the Alamo the moment the enemy was sighted.

After initiating the casual deployment of his troops, Santa Anna trains his telescope on the Alamo, where he sees the insult to end all . . . the Texans have run up a Mexican tricolor flag, with the numerals, "1824", printed in large, black numbers, clearly visible on the middle white field.

Santa Anna becomes enraged at seeing this flag insolently fluttering in the wind coming in from the north, for he, like all the rest of his army, knows that this is the Texan's way of letting him know that he, Generalissimo Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, rather than the Texas Revolution, is unconstitutional, for this rebellion most likely wouldn't have started if he had only kept the favorable, fair terms of the Constitution of 1824.

Immediately, on seeing this bold gesture of defiance, Santa Anna issues three commands . . . he orders the red flag signifying "no Quarter" placed on the San Fernando bell tower. He has a savage burst of cannon fire directed towards the Alamo, and he orders a white flag of parley raised.

The Texans answer all this with a blast from their 18-pounder, and a loud cheer rises from the throats of the defenders.

Jim Bowie, co-commander of the Alamo with William Barret Travis, sends out a man under a white flag of truce with a message to Santa Anna, asking if it is true that a parley has been called by the Mexican side.

Santa Anna answers Bowie's query with a demand for an unconditional surrender, only to be replied to once again by a blast from the Texan's 18-pounder.

The Mexican cannons start the first of many days bombardment at this instant, but to no avail, for they are too small to reach the fort at the present distance, 800 yards.

The defenders all rush to the walls of the Alamo to see what the Mexicans are doing, besides making a lot of noise. It is at this time that the first Mexican soldier dies

Now Davey Crockett on the North wall sees some movement in the rushes bordering the water ditch some eighty yards away. Now squinting in the late afternoon sun Crockett takes aim, judges for the wind and fires. The Mexican falls heavily into the small ditch. The Texans cheer loudly at this superb display of marksmanship, then leaving but a few men on the walls as look-outs, retire to the relative security of their quarters in the Alamo compound to sleep fitfully due to the constant noise of the ineffective Mexican bombardment. This ends the first day of the siege leaving no Texans killed or wounded, one Mexican neatly dispatched and Santa Anna sorely insulted.

Now as you settle down by your small fire out of the bitter cold your mind is filled with many thoughts and questions such as: the Alamo was never intended to be a fort why is it here that Bowie and Travis have decided to make their stand? After all weren't they sent here to deminish the fort? Now as a matter of fact they were but both on arriving here realized that by making a stand at this very place precious time could be bought, time with which General Sam Houston could gather a very large force of Texans who would some day run Santa Anna out of Texas for good. Another question, why is there constant bickering and jockeying for the number one commanding position of the Alamo between Bowie and Travis. Now as historians later point out this was a mistake made by Houston and the Provisional Government of Texas. There should never have been two men appointed as commanders of the Alamo at the same time especially two men with such a wide personality difference.

Either one of these men would make an excellent commander, but never together. Fate will soon play an important part in deciding which one of the two will become the final commander of the Alamo.

On the morning of the second day, February 24, Bowie and a detail of men are busily placing a 12-pound cannon on a 15-foot platform, in the southern half of the main plaza, near the west wall. The weather is beginning to clear up, and Bowie, who is in the final stages of tuberculosis, stands in the warming sun, supervising the work. He grasps the wheel spokes of the cannon as it is raised to the top of the platform, and throws his weight behind it, swinging the cannon around into position, when at the most crucial moment a spasm of coughing seizes him. The cannon turns suddenly and starts to slide off the platform. As the men below scatter out of the way, Bowie, using his once-massive body as a block, braces the rolling wheel with his chest. The cannon stops rolling as other men race up the ramp and pull the cannon back into position. Bowie lies there . . . his ribs crushed, suffering a near-fatal concussion. The men take him into the hospital, where, in his final seconds on March 6, Bowie will account for himself bravely.

Because of this terrible accident, Travis is now commander of the Alamo. The noisy Mexican bombardment continues throughout the rest of the day, causing little damage and hurting no one. Travis sends out several messengers with appeals of help to nearby Goliad and Gonzales.

Fannin has 600 men garrisoned at Goliad . . . surely they will soon come and help get rid of Santa Anna. Morale is very high this day, though our prayers are for Col. Bowie.

The defenders fire little, wanting to save ammunition for the time when it's needed the most. The majority of this day is spent by the defenders, improving the defences of the Alamo. Santa Anna starts to complete his encirclement of the Alamo.

Little sleep is done this night, for fear that the Mexicans will attack at any time. Most of the defenders try to sleep by their weapons at their assigned posts . . . Travis at the North Wall, Crockett and his Tennessee mounted volunteers in the chapel courtyard, Captain Dickerson and his men in the church . . . As you drop off into your own fitful slumber you wonder how it could be possible for 154 Texas volunteers to withstand the assaults of 6,000 Mexicans.

It is dawn, February 25. The first Mexican assault begins, with The Cazadores de Matamoros batallion opening the battle with a fierce artillery bombardment, then the brave Mexican soldiers start their advance on the west wall, aided by the Ximenez batallion.

The defenders hold their fire until the Mexicans are well within range, then as they fire, all hell breaks loose. Terror and absolute panic break loose in the ranks of the attackers. The accuracy of "Los Diablos Texanos" is fantastic . . . Mexican blood is spilled on the ground everywhere. The soldiers try to return the Texans fire, but in vain . . . too many Mexicans are falling to the withering fusillade . . . the bugles sound "retreat". Over 300 Mexicans are killed in this first assault; no Texans as yet have lost their life.

On this day, Travis hastily pens out another plea for aid, closing it with: "Do hasten aid to me as rapidly as possible . . . it will be impossible to keep the enemy out much longer. If they overpower us, we fall a sacrifice at the shrine of our country, and we hope posterity & our country will do our memory justice. Give me help, of my country. Victory or death."

During the night, the Mexicans busily install more artillery batteries, some as close as 300 yards away. Santa Anna continues to close the ring around the fort . . . placing cavalry on the road to Gonzales on the east. A fresh norther has blown up, again plunging the temperature some 30 degrees, causing extreme discomfort and denying sleep to all but a very few, lucky defenders.

On the fourth morning, the sun tries vainly to break through a miserable grey cloud cover. The weary defenders at the Alamo continue their vigilance, often looking in the direction of Gonzales and Goliad, hoping against hope that aid will soon come. The men strain to hear hoofbeats coming from the east, but they hear nothing except the roar of cannon and shouts of men.

February 27 . . . five days of siege. Food is beginning to be rationed now, and spirits are dropping. Why haven't Governor Henry Smith or Sam Houston sent reinforcements? What has happened to the 600 men commanded by Fannin in Goliad?

The defences at the Alamo are terribly inadequate. The walls of this old mission aren't strong enough to stand up under a constant bombardment . . . there's not enough food or gunpowder to last for too much longer. There are but three 12-pounder cannon in the chapel, four more in the courtyard, two protecting the porte-cochere on the south, an 18-pounder on the southern portion of the west wall . . . pitifully few cannon to protect the Alamo. We must have outside aid.

The bombardments are increasing now . . . thank God none of the defenders have been killed.

The Mexicans try to block the water flow from the acequia, or ditch, into the Alamo, but fine marksmanship by the Texas rifles prevent this.

Jim Bonham is sent out with another message by Travis . . . it's a wonder how Bonham can get through the Mexican lines unharmed.

Juan Seguin and Antonio Arocha sneak through the lines, bound for Gonzales to ask, yes, to plead, for aid.

On the 28th and 29th of February, the Mexicans make several half-hearted assaults against the cold, weary defenders, but the net result of this is the loss of more Mexican lives, the increasing of Santa Anna's rage, and the burning up of more ammunition.

March 1, 1836. The weather is much colder today . . . Santa Anna has ordered his band to stage a parade to bolster his troops morale, also to confuse us. We don't question his motives - - - only take advantage of this brief lull in the fighting to catch as much sleep as we can, 'though it is too cold to sleep too soundly.

After the parade ends, the carronading resumes. It is at this time the first true damage is suffered by the Alamo. A breach in the north wall is opened . . . not large, but enough to cause all of the enemy batteries on the north to concentrate their fire on that spot, widening it bit by bit.

It is dawn now, and a great bit of excitement has come to the defenders. 32 volunteers from Gonzales, led by Captains G. C. Kimball and Albert Martin, have just broken through the enemy lines and ridden into the Alamo compound. Spirits are much higher now . . . if 32 men have come, surely the rest can't be far behind. The arrival of this new group raises the total number of defenders at the Alamo to 186. The odds are a bit better now . . . 186 to 6,000. Fresh rations are broken out and we celebrate this good news for the remainder of the night.

On March 2, the severe weather lessens a bit, but the Texans can see that the encirclement is completed. The Mexican bombardment increases its volume. It is on this day, Sam Houston's birthday, that 140 miles east of the Alamo at Washington-on-the-Brazos, delegates from the different Texas settlements meet and draw up the formal Texas Declaration of Independence. The men at the Alamo don't know this, but now the Revolution officially has cause.

The heavy Mexican fire continues through the night and all day long on March 3, when James Bonham dashes in through the Mexican lines with the depressing news that Fannin and his 600 sorely-needed reinforcements will not be coming... Fannin was too hesitant, and has waited too long before making his move to help the men at the Alamo. Bonham repeats, "Fannin won't be here".

The defenders are stunned by this news, which is related to them by Travis, who assembles all the men, including Bowie on a cot, in the interior of the chapel.

Overwhelmed by emotion, Travis starts: "I have deceived you by promise of help. I have been deceived by others. All the letters and reports which I have received from the outside before the siege assured Col. Bowie and myself that we would have aid. I believed that I would have a large enough army to repel and defeat an enemy of any size, forcing the enemy to surrender on our terms. Today," he continues, "Bonham has returned once again through the lines from Goliad. Fannin's troops are not coming to aid us. Our fate is sealed. Within a few days . . . perhaps hours . . . we must all be in eternity. This is our destiny which we cannot avoid. This is our certain doom. All that remains is to die in the fort and fight to the last moment. We must sell our lives as dearly as possible."

Then, drawing his sword, Travis steps down to the far side of the brave men assembled in front of him and traces a long, thin line with it in front of them. He returns to the center of the column,

sheathes the sword and solemnly says: "I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across this line. Who will be the first? March."

Tapley Holland, one of the youngest defenders, leaps across, followed by Crockett, Bonham, Dicherson and all the others, except for two . . . Bowie on his cot and Moses Rose.

Bowie calls from his cot: "Boys, I am not able to go to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to move my cot over there." A wish rapidly granted to the cheers of many brave men. That leaves only Moses Rose standing alone.

"You seem not willing to die with us, Rose," says Bowie.

"No, I am not prepared to die," replies Rose "I have seen enough of war and bloodshed, both in Europe with Napoleon, now here in Texas. I shall not die if I can avoid it."

Saying this, Rose seizes his bundled clothing, climbs to the top of the wall and leaps down on the outside, where after many hardships, he will make his way safely to Nacogdoches and the home of W. P. Zuber.

Later on in the evening, Travis sends out his last appeals to the Governor and General Houston. Travis entrusts these to John W. Smith, who shall be known forever as the last defender to leave the Alamo alive. Smith delivers these messages to the intended hands within two days.

On March 4, more new batteries are added to the existing Mexican artillery, and the bombardment increases. Santa Anna calls a council of war, at which it is decided that General Cos, who gave his parole to the Texans just a short three months ago, is to lead the first assault at dawn March 6.

On March 5 a bitter norther blows in at 3: p.m., soon freezing the ground. It's a day of final preparation in the Mexican camp. Only sporadic fire is maintained. Scaling ladders are being constructed in full view of the defenders, and the various troops are being assigned their respective places for the assault.

Santa Anna silences his guns this evening, hoping that the exhausted Texans will be sound asleep when his forces start scaling the walls. His strategy isn't too far wrong. The silence is deafening, but weary Texans, one-by-one, yield to their much-needed rest. This is the calm before the storm.

It is now Sunday, March 6, 1836. The time is 4 a.m. The Mexicans commence their assault. Four columns of infantry simultaneously attack the Alamo from all four points of the compass. Along with their weapons, the Mexicans are equipped with axes, crowbars and scaling ladders. The cavalry is stationed to the rear of the advancing troops; the engineers are held in reserve.

Santa Anna's battle orders, issued the night before, are final. They read: "The time has come to strike a decisive blow upon the enemy occupying the fortress of the Alamo. His excellency, the General-in-Chief, has decided that tomorrow at 4 o'clock a.m., the columns shall be stationed at musket-shot distance from the first entrenchments, ready for the charge, which shall commence, at a signal given with a bugle, from the northern battery."

Asleep on this fateful morning, you are rudely awakened by a lone bugle call. You then hear the muffled drumming of 3,000 feet on the frozen ground. As you hurry to your post, you hear Santa Anna's regimental band strike out with the chilling notes of the famed "deguello", an ancient Moorish battle march, signifying that no mercy will be shown . . . no prisoners will be taken.

Travis, jumping to his position at the north wall, gives the first alarm: "Come on, men. The Mexicans are upon us. And we will give them hell..."

Cannon balls begin to fall heavily from all sides into the Alamo . . . cries of anger and pain, mixed with the roaring of cannon and muskets and the strident strains of the "deguello", create a vocal scene from Dante's INFERNO.

Jim Bonham is at his post in the chapel, directing the fire from the three 12-pounders into the onrushing waves of Mexicans. Crockett and his men from Tennessee are in the courtyard, furiously firing from behind the strong stockade.

Travis, by his cannon on the north wall, is perhaps the first of the defenders to fall, his forehead neatly punctured by a musket ball.

The first attack is met, as one future historian shall term it, "with supreme success". The cannon and rifle fire of the Texans is so superbly accurate that the attacking Mexicans soon flee in a panic-stricken retreat. The Mexican casualties are staggering . . . the Texans lose but four men in this first assault.

At 5:30 a.m., the second assault begins. The southern column of attackers joins the forces on the west; likewise, the column on the east joins those on the north. The defenders succeed in repelling this massive attack also, though it takes a bit longer to do so, and the Texans lose seven more men. Red splotches of blood are now staining the ground, the walls, and quickly freezing on bodies.

The third assault, with the majority of Mexicans concentrating on the gap in the north wall, occurs at 6:15 this morning. The Mexicans finally, through sheer superiority of number, force their way through this narrow gap. From now on, it becomes a matter of vicious hand-to-hand combat. The Mexican use their lances, swords and bayonets, the Texans utilize clubbed rifles and Bowie knives in their brave attempt to hold back this overwhelming human tide. Half of the long barracks walls are split asunder. The noise is overpowering . . . crashing walls, booming cannon, screams of agony and hate. The carnage is terrible. One-by-one, the brave Texans fall, making the enemy pay dearly for their lives with good Mexican blood . . . Crockett and his Tennessee volunteers fall outside the chapel . . . there are 16 dead Mexicans grouped around his body.

The Mexicans burst in on Bowie in his bed. He dispatches several with his pistols, then rising for the last, magnificent time, lashes out time and again with his famed knife. They will find seven dead Mexicans in his hospital room.

The few remaining defenders retreat into the chapel, where they are to make their last stand. There are but nine Texas men left in the chapel, plus several women and children. These few people hold the fourth Mexican assault off for about 15 minutes, when the defenders run out of ammunition. The Mexicans finally break down the barricade and storm into the place, killing the brave defenders without mercy.

Perhaps the last Texan alive is Major Robert Evans. When he sees that the Mexicans have won the battle, Evans lights a torch and races across the chapel to the powder magazine, determined to blow it, the Alamo, and as many of the enemy as possible to Hell. He almost reaches his goal when he is shot by a Mexican.

The Mexican soldiers are in a frenzy now . . . all the bodies of the Texans are taken to the chapel courtyard where they are horribly mutilated. Some of the soldiers toss, with their bayonets, the bodies aloft like common fodder. This blood orgy continues until Santa Anna is forced to have his buglers sound the "retreat" call. It is only now that the soldiers cease.

The battle of the Alamo has finally been won by the Mexicans. As Santa Anna puts it: "The fortress is mine at last. This has been a cheap victory, for now the revolutionists shall flee from me with terror-filled hearts, like mongrel dogs. Texas is mine forever."

Is the victory really cheap? Yes, 184 Texans were massacred, but what of the Mexican casualties? Nearly 1,600 Mexican soldiers have been killed during these fateful thirteen days, and over 400 lie wounded in the town of San Antonio.

The 12 women and children in the Alamo are spared by the dictator, so that they may spread the tale of the massacre to other Texans with revolutionary ideas.

The bodies of the gallant defenders are piled into three pyres and set fire, bringing to an end, so Santa Anna thinks, this senseless revolution. But from the glowing embers of the defenders' mutilated bodies grows a flame, which quickly spreads as a wild prairie fire, carrying two messages: "Remember," and "Revenge".

The flame of freedom reaches its highest when, on April 21, 1836, on the plains of San Jacinto in southeast Texas, the Texas forces, led by General Sam Houston, shouting: "Remember the Alamo," totally defeat Santa Anna, bringing freedom to Texas forever, creating a new nation that would prosper beyond all fondest dreams.

I will close this paper with a poem comprized of several poems, addresses and songs, both ancient and modern, which are all dedicated to the heroes at the Alamo . . .

Thermopolaie had her messenger of defeat;
The Alamo had none.
The Texans lost a battle there,
But in the end, they won.

Let the old men tell the story;
Let the legend drow and grow,
Of the Thirteen Days to Glory
At the seige of Alamo.

Lift the tattered banners proudly
While the Eyes of Texas shine;
Let the fort that was a mission
Be an everlasting shrine!

Now the bugles are silent,
And there's rust on each sword;
And a small band of Texans
Rest asleep, in the Arms of the Lord.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

Notes on "Thirteen Days To Glory"

There have been many books, song, plays, etc., written about the battle of the Alamo, but I feel that of all these, the two most recent ones written are by far the most outstanding of the whole lot, being the most accurate, and both give a most stirring account of the battle. It is from these two that I have drawn most heavily for my paper: A Time To Stand (by Walter Lord; Harper & Bros., New York, 1961), and, Thirteen Days To Glory (by Lon Tinkle; McGraw-Hill, New York, 1958).

The majority of the poem at the end of my paper was taken from the speech given in 1841 by General Thomas Jefferson Green, and the song from the Batjac production, "The Alamo," produced by John Wayne in 1960. The song poem was written by Paul Francis.



DIORAMA OF THE ALAMO BUILT BY H. GORDON FROST